

NATIONAL RECORDER.

"Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes."

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In the debate on the Missouri question we were not surprised to perceive that the advocates of slavery endeavoured by threats of a dissolution of the union to paralyse the force that their opponents could have opposed to them. Their cause could only be sustained by a departure from reasoning. The representatives from the middle and eastern states were told, that the *high-minded* people of the south would never agree to the proposed restriction on Missouri, and that rather than submit to it they would break the bands of union, forget all the hardships that we have suffered together, and forego all the proud hopes that for forty years we have been accustomed to indulge. They should have given to these great words their due weight, and considered them as the intemperate effusions of angry selfishness and passionate boasting. We very much regret that they should ever have alluded to the hint of separation with any other view than to cast upon it a frown of indignation. They would have succeeded better in their opposition, had they not spoken of such a thing as a possible event. But by the manner in which they alluded to the threats of the other party, they afforded some pretence to their adversaries to raise the cry that the union was in danger, and thus to draw into their ranks the weak and the timid, who could neither see through the pretended motives of their conduct, nor perceive the emptiness of their menaces. It is almost always thus. When we shield the form of Truth by the devices of our own ingenuity, her enemies point out the defects in the armour, and her friends know her no longer. The same error has been persisted in by a few zealous advocates for the purity of republicanism. In some private conversations, since the "triumph of the slave states" in Congress, we have heard the possibility of a separation spoken of too lightly. It is not enough that we should feel the greatest attachment to the union; we must express our devotion to it whenever the occasion calls for it, and not suffer our conduct to wear the

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"appearance of evil." Let us beware of giving to the slave interest any advantage by a want of moderation on our part. Let us avoid all speculations upon our capability to form an independent nation, and all discussion of the consequences of a separation; lest our patriotism be cooled, and our hearts contaminated by the near approach of evil. We need not abandon a single principle, nor relax in a single effort; but let us not rouse against our cause any thing good, nor raise the slightest suspicion that we are forgetful of the precepts of the Father of his Country.

In an editorial article at p. 209 of this volume, is the following remark, alluding to the publications in favour of forcing American manufactures by restrictions on our intercourse with foreign nations:

So much success, indeed, has followed the efforts of this artificial scheme of society, that the editor of the *Analectic Magazine* considers that the palm must be assigned to them until their opponents can show an equal body of statistical facts.

A correspondent tells us "the quotation of the passage from the *Analectic Magazine*, is egregiously erroneous, and calculated to mislead your readers. And you owe it to the cause of truth, to correct the error."

We made no *quotation* before, but now quote the following for our justification:

As far as the discussion has yet proceeded, the advocates for manufactures have plainly the advantage in the field of argument, and have exhibited much more closeness of reasoning, and a far better knowledge of *facts*, the only kind of knowledge that on this question can be very availing. The general principles of political economy, as they are to be found in the works of the best European writers, form but an unsafe guide in an inquiry that respects a country so peculiarly circumstanced as ours; and the common place topics of that science, so constantly quoted and appealed to by the opponents of further encouragement, are in a great degree inapplicable to the controversy.

To talk of buying cheap and selling dear, of "procuring the greatest possible quantity of produce with the least possible expenditure of labour, and of capital;" and all the other gene-

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ralities which may easily be culled in thousands from the pages of the Edinburgh Review, answers exceedingly well to give an air of plausibility and eloquence to an 'address' or a 'resolution,' but goes very little way towards convincing an American, what is the true policy dictated by the peculiar situation of his country. We want facts; statistical facts; and when we are well informed, as to them, general principles may then be applied, and particular inferences may be safely deduced, but not before.

CAUCUS.

The following impudent notice was published in the National Intelligencer.

The subscriber having presided at the caucus which last recommended persons as candidates for the office of president and vice president of the United States, and having been requested by a number of members of Congress, from various parts of the union, to notify a time and place for the members to consult on the propriety of making at this time a nomination for those offices: in conformity to this wish expressed to him, he requests the attendance of such republican and other members of Congress as may think proper to attend, on Saturday evening next, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at half past 7 o'clock in the afternoon.

S. SMITH.

April 4th, 1820.

The following is from the same paper of the 10th instant.

We have not received, from authority, any account of what took place at the meeting of members of Congress on Saturday evening last, convened, by public notice, for the purpose of considering the expediency of making a nomination of suitable persons as candidates for the presidency and vice presidency of the United States. We learn, generally, that the meeting was thin, about fifty members only being present. The evening indeed was one of the most unfavourable for the meeting that could be imagined, pouring rain the whole time. Mr. Nelson, of Virginia, was called to the chair; and it was determined, in effect, but in what form we know not, that it was inexpedient for the members then assembled to proceed to make a nomination.

We rejoice at the *shower of rain* that prevented the gentlemen from carrying their scheme into operation; but the attempt is deserving of the most serious reprobation. Had we not been accustomed to it, we should be astonished at the apathy with which a people so jealous of power, as are the citizens of the United States, regard so manifest an act of usurpation on the part of Congress. The leading politicians have now lost all shame and all fear of public displeasure.

On the 11th the National Intelligencer contained the following.

In pursuance of the invitation published in the Intelligencer of the 5th instant, a number

of the members of both houses of Congress having assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives, the following resolutions were submitted, and agreed to without opposition.

Resolved, That this meeting deem it not necessary to proceed to the recommendation of suitable persons to fill the offices of president and vice president of the United States.

Resolved, That this meeting be adjourned *sine die*.

Above our readers have, from the proper authority, an account of the proceedings of the meeting of members of Congress on Saturday evening last. We will add nothing to it, but that, we understand, the delegations from several of the states held separate meetings in the course of Saturday, and determined not to attend the meeting. For example, we have understood, that no member was present from North Carolina or Pennsylvania; two only from Virginia, and one or two only from Massachusetts. It is not believed, however, that hostility to the practice of making nominations was the only motive which led to this determination.

Some have imputed blame to the gentleman who called this meeting—very unjustly, in our view. He was, we know, urged to do it by some among the most respectable members of Congress; and, according to usage—if precedent governs in a case, the very existence of which depends on precedent—he could not well have declined a compliance with such a request as was made. The character of general Smith is a sufficient guaranty for the correctness of his intentions.

Extract of a Letter from Pittsburgh.

In my letter from Circleville* I informed you that I believed the account of a silver mine in Ohio was got up merely for the purpose of seducing credulous people to subscribe to the stock; since which I have been very near the scene of the pretended discovery, and can assure you that the state of Ohio is not yet ready to supply the union with metallic currency. But if my observations do not deceive me, a still more honourable station will be filled by this fine inland republic. In travelling through the state, one cannot but be struck with the natural capabilities of the country. The soil is abundantly fitted for supplying all the necessities of man, even with moderate cultivation, and under an improved system of agriculture might feed the U. States. The climate is generally healthy. The rivers and lakes are favourable to internal commerce, and may be made the means of uniting the whole western country with the Atlantic states, at an expense not to be compared to the immediate benefits

* See No. 10—4th March.

that will accrue to the public lands. The state of manners and society is highly propitious to advancement in wealth and happiness, being based on industry and good morals. The government is *republican* and the people *freemen*, for which greatest of all earthly blessings they will, to the latest posterity, be grateful to the immortal ordinance of eighty-seven. Altogether I can bestow no higher praise on Ohio than to say she is worthy to be compared to Pennsylvania, and though no shining ore be concealed within her bosom, yet the labour of her sons shall not be unrewarded, but in due time shall be crowned with a plentiful harvest of prosperity.

I shall be at home in a few weeks, and will give you further particulars of my tour.

Communications.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

To the lovers of fine Potatoes.

Five hundred hampers of genuine Lancashire pink eyed *potatoes*, in excellent order, for sale on board the ship *Tuscarora*, captain West, at Cope's wharf, first above Walnut street.

The above advertisement is copied from a newspaper of the 11th inst. Why cannot our farmers raise vegetables cheaper than those of Great Britain, where the proportion of land to the population is so much less than it is here, and where heavy taxes increase the price of every thing? Is it not because we are unwilling to reduce our prices to the peace establishment? The convulsions of the continent of Europe raised the price of every article of necessary consumption, not only by the necessity that arose for supplying the great armies that were kept on foot, but by the interruption of the labour of all classes of society, and the general insecurity of property that was occasioned by them. The price of labour rose higher than it had ever been before, and as a necessary consequence, every thing of which labour was a component part was augmented in value. But peace came at last, and a general return to labour has followed: but we have so long enjoyed the profits arising from the misfortunes of the rest of the world, that we are unwilling to give the fruits of our labour for a just equivalent. We *hold on* (to use the speculating cant) while our wiser competitors throw their stock into market at the current rate.

What shall be done? Shall the farmers

petition that upon potatoes, &c. shall be laid a heavy duty to prevent importation? Or must they by greater management, industry and frugality, contrive to raise them of so good a quality and at so low a price as to make it a bad speculation to send them here?

It will perhaps be said that in reality the English cannot, without loss, send us provisions at such a cheap rate—but that there is a plot to destroy the agricultural industry in this country by creating a fund in England, which shall be employed in underselling us. This would be a worthy sequel to the *manufacturing plot* which was generated at the Crown and Anchor tavern! What a fine field might this hint afford for the eloquence of our patriotic writers! They might enlarge upon the grasping ambition and cruel malice of England, who it may be said now endeavours to effect by her gold what her sword has been unable to accomplish. When she shall have succeeded in making us dependent on her, not only for manufactured goods, but for agricultural products, she may suddenly pass an embargo law, and starvation will sweep this gallant nation from the face of the earth! F.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

Messrs. Editors,

Among the many points in which our brethren of the south are superior to us, I have noticed, with peculiar vexation, that all their members of Congress or of the state legislatures, all newspaper editors, sheriffs, coroners and constables, and, to sum them up briefly, all their public characters and all the private gentlemen mentioned in the newspapers, are HIGH-MINDED. Indeed, upon all occasions in which we employ the title *Mr.* they find it necessary to use the former appellation, in order to do justice to the comprehensive views and liberal philosophy by which every individual is dignified. What a delightful view of society does this afford us!

Why is it, gentlemen, that we are so far behind in every thing honourable and lofty? Our schools and colleges are more numerous than those at the south, and at least as well supported. We have also plenty of newspapers and politicians. Why should we not begin to improve? In the midst of this gloom, however, I perceive a glimmering of light, which may perhaps increase to a full blaze. A correspondent of one of the daily papers has informed us that our patroles are HIGH-MINDED. This is as it

should be. Let us rise from the middle ground to which we have so long been confined, and soar to an equality with the HIGH-MINDED people of Virginia.

A HIGH-MINDED PENNSYLVANIAN.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

A CARD.

Mr. Jeremy Clinton takes this opportunity of returning his warmest thanks to Mr. Thomas Chinsun, who was so polite as to permit him to walk under his umbrella during the rain the other evening.

Mr. C. would sooner have made this acknowledgment, had he been aware of the custom of the place; but being a foreigner, it was not till a friend pointed out to him the thanks publicly tendered by the Fire Companies to the gentlemen who gave them some refreshments after the fire at the Theatre, that he was aware of the propriety of thus demonstrating his gratitude.

The advantages of this mode are very obvious: among others Mr. C. will take the liberty to mention, that it tends to excite the hospitality of those who may live in the neighbourhood of a fire—for we all love praise.

If it would not be impertinent in a stranger, Mr. C. would express a hope, that in future the members of the fire companies may individually be mentioned in the thanks offered to them for their exertions. This would be some return for the sedulous care with which they always give praise to the very gentlemen who have deserved it.

Arch Street, 15th April.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

"O Happiness! our being's end and aim;
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die—

Where grows?—Where grows it not? If vain our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,

'Tis no where to be found, or every where."

There is a mystery in happiness as well as in misery, which every attempt to unravel has only served to make more dark and inexplicable, or at best has served to exhibit our own impotence and ignorance.

There are, without doubt, some great essentials to bodily as well as to mental health, which every one feels and is sensible of, and must acknowledge to be necessary to the very foundations of human

felicity; but, as the varieties of the minds of men are as great, and perhaps greater than those which exist in their bodily constitutions, so, it is equally fruitless, to search for a specific remedy for all the diseases either of the one or the other. Grief often seizes upon the heart with a hold too strong ever to be loosened, and frequently, some of the noblest and most enlivening feelings and attributes are completely and irrevocably destroyed. In such a case then, it is but invidious mockery, to indicate, as a remedy for a heart thus ruined, the happiness of others, and point out the means by which its fellows have attained and preserved the portion of felicity which they may possess. Such a prescription would be as hopeless, as to show to a man wasting with consumption, the stout and sinewy limbs of a ploughman, and bid him rekindle the dying embers of his existence by nourishment and exercise.

There are many moral and metaphysical authors, whose writings, though they would lead us through a vista so dark or lengthy that we could not discover the end, still afford us many useful and practical rules for regulating the feelings, and becoming acquainted with our own hearts. It is seldom safe to trust them, when they leave the paths which facts and experience have trodden out, and by reasoning sometimes too subtle, to have its errors detected, enter into the vast and bewildering mazes of speculation. I might recommend to the reader, as the most minutely practical analysis of the common misfortunes incident to humanity, which I recollect to have seen, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, which, although it may not be relished throughout, is a curious *olla podrida* of wit, learning and philosophy, from which may be collected some savoury fragments, to store the memory with until occasion call for their use.

It is a little remarkable, that we every day see with so much calmness, so many metaphysical charlatans, outgoing the impudence of their brother quacks; who confine themselves to offer a simple cure, without pretending to make a new arm or leg grow out in the place of a lopped limb, like the renewed claws of a lobster; whereas, those sublime healers, not contented with eradicating from the mind a cancer of grief, or amputating a wen of troubles, promise to supply any defect in the soul, arising from nature or accident. A few drops of their magic reasoning change dejection into animation of spirits; if the heart is unfortunately broken, it is con-

vinced of the folly of giving way to sorrow, and is invested with a snug mantle of selfishness; if a man's faculties are dull, an edge can be given them fine enough to split a hair; and even some of the minor pretenders, will promise to create with a little pains, an artificial memory, or mechanical imagination. A poet may be made from a mathematician, or a mathematician from a poet; completely establishing as a maxim, (what has long been suspected to be true by some sensible people, though but lately demonstrated by Mr. Paulding, Mr. Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt) that "*poeta fit non nascitur*;" much to the confusion of the monopolizing pretenders to the poetic inspiration.

These sophists of our day have certainly as much influence as their assurance entitles them to, and by their gaudy and polished appearance, which seems greater than it really is from the additional advantage of looming through a mist, they have been enabled to produce a much stronger effect on society, than the didactics of their heathen predecessors would ever create, for in their headlong and blundering pursuit, these rested perfectly satisfied, if they could lay hold of a system that bore any resemblance to, or wore any of the features their fancy had ascribed to their summum bonum. When Epicurus told mankind to take the goods the gods provided for them, there were doubtless many, who, leaving all subtleties to the promulger, were very willing to shelter under that advice, principles, which they were ready enough before to act up to; while the wiser or rather that part of mankind possessing common sense, though unwilling to venture a system of their own, must have detected the follies of the one set up by this philosopher: they must have viewed with horror and contempt, the unnatural and affected torpor of the Stoics, nor would these ragged teachers themselves, with all their apathy and indifference to terrene enjoyments, like some similar professors in our own time, ever have been solaced, or satisfied with their own reflections and self adulation; unless, in the food furnished their ambitious vanity by the applause of their sect, and the astonishment of the million, they had met with a compensation for subjugating or abstracting their better feelings.

There are some admirers of this negative species of happiness still existing, and we often see persons of this description, who, soured by vexations, misfortunes and disappointments in life, have too much spirit to allow themselves to be crest fallen

and altogether dejected; but, who clothe themselves with a savage contemptuous apathy, and folding their arms in the resolution of despair, receive without flinching the inevitable blows of fate.—Such conduct indicates a sluggish and backward disposition, with a property analogous to the *vis inertia* of matter, and can never be productive of consoling reflections. Would it not be more noble and praiseworthy, instead of this coward indifference and dread of self examination, to push forward with a generous and manly activity, and, while feeling misfortunes as a man ought to do, aim at fresh pursuits with the experience treasured up from former failings. It must always be the natural consequence of such stoical and apathetic coldness, that he, who in a measure has ceased to feel for himself, must in a measure still greater cease to feel for others; his feelings thus blunted, every sympathetic source must be dried up; for, he can have no sympathies who has not the primary feelings in his own breast. This chilling of the heart takes place, I fear much oftener than we are aware of. Every one thinks, that "one day he'll not drivel," and every one has a peculiar plan of happiness in view, adapted entirely to himself. How frequently are such prospects blasted, and how few are there, who have elasticity enough to rise from depression, or versatility sufficient to enable them to clear themselves from the ruins of the old, and to build new castles in the air.

If a man is once fortunate enough to accomplish his plan, especially if it has cost him much trouble in the execution, the measure of its value will not be in the satisfaction afforded him in the enjoyment, but, by the repining he is conscious he would feel if that enjoyment were taken from him. It matters not how trifling the views men may take of their happiness appear to the rest of the world, it is sufficient for them if the heart be set upon the object; nor ought it to be asked why that object is pursued with so much solicitude. Who can doubt the supreme felicity of Phillidor, while he remained master of the field of a chess board; and such a slave was he to the lords of the chequered domain, that, we are told he died of grief and mortification brought on by receiving check mate from a sager Persian. The gaiety and spirits of many a fair one, have fled forever together with her beauty; and I knew once, a punctual merchant so amalgamated with barter, invoices and shipments, that, on the evening of his wedding

he was found by his groomsmen, (who had been despatched in search of him by the anxiety of the assembled guests) at the coffee house, chaffering about a hogshead of sugar; on being reminded of the impropriety of keeping the bride and company waiting, he begged pardon of his attendants, protesting he had entirely forgot the engagement, and hoped the gentlemen would excuse him, as his business should be interrupted but once in his life in that way. This man was completely happy in his business; however, there are but few minds whose sphere of action is so confined or trivial; such minds seem to have taken up with the refuse of worldly goods, things, which the more sprightly part of mankind, in the scramble after more dazzling blessings, have left to them without competition.

If such be the persevering ardour which stimulates little minds in the pursuit of small objects, can we any longer wonder at the resistless phrensy, which hurries along the great and expansive soul, through the vast fields of glory, in search of dominion over the minds or bodies of its fellows. This ambition certainly exists in a degree in almost every mind, and in some is productive of excellence; but, when connected with great talents, it becomes the exclusive and ruling passion, carrying death and destruction in its ungovernable course in search of the "aliquid immensum infinitumque," its desires are too boundless to expect gratification, and its highest enjoyment can be but an unsatisfied and phrensyed excitement. That this excitement, for it cannot be called enjoyment, is very great, must appear, from the misery attendant upon disappointment and inaction. Since the peace in Europe, we see that lord Wellington* has ruined his fortune by recourse to the succedaneous stimulus of a gaming table; and his less fortunate, though more ambitious rival, Buonaparte, seeks, by prolonged slumbers, to forget his existence, or conquer new kingdoms in his dreams.

Let us remember, although we cannot ensure success in our undertakings, we all possess, or once did possess, the means and opportunity of creating our own happiness, which "is no where to be found or every where," and it is most probably our own fault, if we have not been successful in the search.

L. S.

* We believe that our correspondent has trusted too much to an idle rumour; the story to which he alludes has been contradicted.

For the National Recorder.

A VAGARY.

Tell me na', tell me na' o' your mony sheen
joys,

An' how happy an' heedless ye be!
Your tipplers may tiddle mid' laughter an' noise,
But I see

That it has ne'er a pleasure for me.

There's few o' ye a', tho' ye sing o' the grape,

An' quaff o' its juice wi' sic glee,
But owe to the bottle fu' mony a scrape,

And agree
That it's got ye as oft a black e'e.

The ladies, I ken, an' the poets, love roses,

An' the purple the violet graces,
But na' the same flowers whilk bud on your
noses,

In places,
Nor the purple thump into your faces.

Tell me na', tell me na' o' your mony sheen
joys,

An' how happy and heedless ye be,
There's sots that delight in your laughter and
noise,

But I see
That it has ne'er a pleasure for me.

Affection's bright e'e, ay the e'e o' a wife,

It can sparkle more joyous than wine,
An' a' the sweet pleasures I've tasted in life,

I'd resign
For the heart o' a lassie like mine.

An hour wi' her is waur a' o' your feasts,

Tho' it seem but a moment when gane,
For ye be but drinkin' an' stuffin' like beasts,

That's na' sane,
To repint o' it a' ilka' ane. CZELOSKY.

Record.

Sixteenth Congress.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

April 4.—The committee on public lands, to whom was referred the petitions of sundry French emigrants, engaged in cultivating the vine and olive, in the state of Alabama, reported a bill, supplementary to the act to set apart and dispose of certain public lands in Alabama, for the encouragement of the cultivation of the vine and olive.

April 5.—The committee on Indian affairs, to whom the inquiry was referred, made a report adverse to the expediency of abolishing the system of Indian trade, as established by the law of March 2, 1811.

The civil appropriation bill was read a third time, as amended, passed, and sent to the House of Representatives for concurrence in the amendments.

April 6.—Mr. Roberts, from the committee of claims, made a report on the petition of Matthew Lyon, accompanied by a bill for his relief.—Mr. Dickerson, having obtained leave, introduced, agreeably to notice, a bill to continue in force the act "to protect the commerce of the United

States and punish the crime of piracy," and also to make further provision for punishing the crime of piracy.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill supplementary to the "act concerning navigation," (reported by the committee on foreign relations on the 30th ult. in pursuance of the resolution adopted on the 14th ult. on the motion of Mr. King, of New York.) Mr. King, of New York, Mr. Macon, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Otis, and Mr. Parrot, respectively offered their reasons in favour of the bill. Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Wilson, explained their reasons for being adverse to the bill. It was laid over to to-morrow.

April 7.—The Senate made progress on several national subjects, heretofore before them; but acted finally on none, except the civil appropriation bill; from its amendments to that bill, disagreed to by the other House, the Senate receded, and the bill thus wants only the executive approbation to become a law.—The Senate have insisted on their amendment to the military appropriation bill, which adds \$50,000 to the quarter master's department, principally for the prosecution of the Missouri expedition to the Mandan villages, and the disagreeing vote is before a committee of conference of the two Houses.

April 10.—Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, submitted the following resolutions for consideration:

Resolved, That the federal government is a government of limited powers, and can rightfully exercise such only as are expressly given it by the constitution, or such as are properly incident to an express power, and necessary to its execution.

Resolved, That Congress cannot constitutionally pass any law concerning the press; and therefore that the sedition act was a palpable assumption of power, directly at variance as well with the spirit as the letter of the constitution.

Resolved, That where the people of the United States are endamaged in their property by unconstitutional exercises of authority, and such damage can be fixed with certainty, the sufferers are entitled to indemnity, if it can be done without hazarding the public welfare.

Resolved, therefore, That the amount of fines collected under the sedition act, should be refunded to those from whom they were exacted; and that the bill now pending before the Senate, for the relief of Matthew Lyon, be recommitted to the committee which brought it in, with instructions so to amend it as to embrace all such cases.

Mr. Barbour introduced these resolutions from a conviction, long entertained, that the principle advanced was correct, and that it was right to make general provision for all cases coming within the purview of the resolutions, instead of legislating for them individually, as they were presented for relief.

The resolutions lie upon the table.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

April 4.—Resolved, that the committee on the judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the investigation of the claims of individuals upon the United States by *petition of right*, or other proper process in the district or circuit courts, or in some tribunal to be established for that purpose, so as

to ensure a speedy decision of such claims upon the principles of justice and equity.

[An experience of twelve years has convinced us, and every day strengthens the conviction, that Congress is not the proper tribunal for investigating and deciding on the multitude of private claims which are annually presented to them. Too numerous for a bench of judges, each house must rely on its committees. Those who compose the committees, after devoting all their time, with unwearied industry, to the investigation of the cases referred to them, find their reports lie, day after day, perhaps unregarded, until the termination of the session puts a term to their existence. The time also devoted by Congress to the investigation of claims is so much taken from the consideration due to great national concerns, which suffer in consequence. We have long thought that claims, depending on the exercise of an equitable jurisdiction, ought to be submitted to the adjudication of a different tribunal, better constituted for this object. The motion of Mr. Fuller is the first attempt, that we know of, that has been made to reach this object; and we should be truly gratified to find it crowned with success.—*Nat. Int.*]

The House again resolved itself into a committee of the whole, Mr. Taylor in the chair, on the resolutions submitted by Mr. Clay, respecting the treaty making power, and particularly respecting the treaty with Spain, yet unratified by Spain.

Mr. Lowndes concluded his remarks, going to show why the resolutions should not be acted on. He spoke for about half an hour.

When Mr. Lowndes finished, he moved to lay the first resolve on the table. After some conversation, in which Mr. Clay suggested that the best course would be for the committee to report the resolves to the House, and for the gentleman then to move to postpone the resolves, or lay them on the table, on which motion the yeas and nays could be recorded—Mr. L. consented to waive his motion for the present. Several other members took part in the debate, and the committee rose. Previously to the rising of the committee, Mr. Clay submitted the following resolves, with an intimation that, should the business of the House permit, he should call them up at a future day:

Resolved, That it is expedient to provide by law a suitable outfit and salary for such minister or ministers as the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, may send to any of the governments of South America, which have established, and are maintaining their independence on Spain.

Resolved, That provision ought to be made for requesting of the President of the United States to cause to be presented to the general the most worthy and distinguished, in his opinion, in the service of any of the independent governments of South America, the sword which was given by the viceroy of Lima to captain Biddle, of the Ontario, during his late cruise in the Pacific, and which is now in the office of the department of state, with the expression of the wish of the Congress of the United States that it may be employed in the support and preservation of the liberties and independence of his country.

April 5.—Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for an earlier commencement of the next session of Congress than the stated period; with leave to report by bill or otherwise.

April 6.—Mr. Ervin, after a speech of considerable length, in support of them, moved the following resolves:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, That the President of the said states be requested to take measures to obtain from the honourable Bushrod Washington the body of the late general George Washington, and, if obtained, that he cause to be erected over it, in the capitol square, east of the capitol, a suitable mausoleum, with inscriptions emblematical of the principal events of his military and political life.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be authorized to give the sum of — dollars for the best plan of a mausoleum, which plan of a mausoleum, and the inscriptions thereon, shall be approved by the President of the United States, the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House of Representatives, the chief justice, the secretaries of the different departments, and the attorney general, or a majority of them.

Be it further resolved, That the President do cause to be procured an equestrian statue of bronze, of general George Washington, to be executed by some eminent artist, which shall be placed on the top of the said mausoleum, in the centre building of the capitol, or in any other place within the public square, which, by a majority of the persons in the preceding resolution referred to, shall be deemed the most suitable.

And be it further resolved, That a committee be appointed to bring in a bill to make the necessary appropriations of money to carry into execution the objects contemplated in the preceding resolutions.

And the question being taken that the House do now proceed to consider the said resolves, it was decided in the negative.

April 7.—The House was occupied the whole sitting in investigating and discussing private claims, a multitude of which press upon the attention of Congress. About twenty of these bills passed severally through committees of the whole, and were ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

April 8.—On motion of Mr. Linn, resolved, that the committee on military affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law a more effectual remedy to prevent duelling in the army and navy of the United States, and in the district of Columbia.

[The resolution of Congress to call for a copy of the act of our legislature for the prevention of kidnapping, has excited some curiosity, and we therefore print that act, as also the congressional law on the subject of fugitive slaves.]

An Act respecting Fugitives from Justice, and Persons escaping from the Service of their Masters.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America,*

in Congress assembled, That whenever the executive authority of any state in the union, or of either of the territories northwest or south of the river Ohio, shall demand any person as a fugitive from justice, of the executive authority of any such state or territory to which such person shall have fled, and shall moreover produce the copy of an indictment found, or an affidavit made before a magistrate of any state or territory as aforesaid, charging the person so demanded, with having committed treason, felony or other crime, certified as authentic by the governor or chief magistrate of the state or territory from whence the person so charged, fled, it shall be the duty of the executive authority of the state or territory to which such person shall have fled, to cause him or her to be arrested and secured, and notice of the arrest to be given to the executive authority making such demand, or to the agent of such authority appointed to receive the fugitive, and to cause the fugitive to be delivered to such agent when he shall appear: But if no such agent shall appear within six months from the time of the arrest, the prisoner may be discharged. And all costs or expenses incurred in the apprehending, securing, and transmitting such fugitive to the state or territory making such demand, shall be paid by such state or territory.

SECT. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That any agent appointed as aforesaid, who shall receive the fugitive into his custody, shall be empowered to transport him or her to the state or territory from which he or she shall have fled. And if any person or persons shall by force set at liberty, or rescue the fugitive from such agent while transporting, as aforesaid, the person or persons so offending shall, on conviction, be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding one year.

SECT. 3. *And be it also enacted*, That when a person held to labour in any of the United States, or in either of the territories on the northwest or south of the river Ohio, under the laws thereof, shall escape into any other of the said states or territory, the person to whom such labour or service may be due, his agent or attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from labour, and to take him or her before any judge of the circuit or district courts of the United States, residing or being within the state, or before any magistrate of a county, city or town corporate, wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made, and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by a magistrate of any such state or territory, that the person so seized or arrested, doth, under the laws of the state or territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labour to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge or magistrate to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for removing the said fugitive from labour, to the state or territory from which he or she fled.

SECT. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent or attorney in so seizing or arresting such fugitive from labour, or shall rescue such fugitive from

such claimant, his agent or attorney when so arrested pursuant to the authority herein given or declared; or shall harbour or conceal such person after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labour, as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars. Which penalty may be recovered by and for the benefit of such claimant, by action of debt, in any court proper to try the same; saving moreover to the person claiming such labour or service, his right of action for or on account of the said injuries or either of them.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JOHN ADAMS.

Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate.

Approved, February twelfth, 1793:

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

President of the United States.

An Act to prevent Kidnapping.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in general assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That if any person or persons shall, from and after the passing of this act, by force or violence, take and carry away, or cause to be taken and carried away, or shall by fraud or false pretences seduce, or cause to be seduced, or shall attempt so to take, carry away, or seduce, any negro or mulatto from any part or parts of this commonwealth, to any other place or places whatsoever, out of this commonwealth, with a design and intention of selling and disposing of, or of causing to be sold, or of keeping and detaining, or of causing to be kept and detained, such negro or mulatto as a slave or servant for a year or years, every such person or persons, his or their aiders and abettors, shall, on conviction thereof in any court of this commonwealth having competent jurisdiction, be deemed guilty of a felony, and shall forfeit and pay, at the discretion of the court passing the sentence, any sum not less than five hundred dollars, nor more than two thousand dollars, one half whereof shall be paid to the person or persons, who shall prosecute for the same, and the other half to this commonwealth; and moreover shall be sentenced to undergo a servitude for any term or time, not less than seven years, nor exceeding twenty-one years, and shall be confined, kept to hard labour, fed and clothed, in manner as is directed by the penal laws of this commonwealth for persons convicted of robbery.

SECT. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That if any person or persons, shall hereafter knowingly sell, transfer or assign, or shall knowingly purchase, take a transfer or assignment of any negro or mulatto, for the purpose of fraudulently removing, exporting or carrying such negro or mulatto out of this state, with the design or intent, by force or false pretences, of making him or her a slave or servant for life, or for any term whatsoever, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof, shall forfeit and pay a fine, of not less than five hundred dollars, nor more than two thousand dollars; one half whereof

shall be paid to the person or persons, who shall prosecute for the same, and the other half to this commonwealth; and moreover shall be sentenced at the discretion of the court, to undergo a servitude for any term or time, not less than seven years, nor exceeding twenty-one years, and shall be confined, kept to hard labour, fed and clothed, in manner as is directed by the penal laws of this commonwealth, for persons convicted of robbery: *Provided always,* That nothing herein contained, shall be construed as a repeal, or alteration of any part of an act of assembly, passed on the first day of March one thousand seven hundred and eighty, entitled "An act for the gradual abolition of slavery," nor of any part of an act of assembly passed on the twenty-ninth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, entitled "An act to explain and amend an act, for the gradual abolition of slavery;" except the seventh section of this last mentioned act, which is hereby supplied and repealed.

SECT. 3. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That no alderman, or justice of the peace of this commonwealth, shall have jurisdiction or take cognizance of the case of any fugitive from labour, from any of the United States, or territories, under a certain act of Congress passed on the twelfth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, entitled "An act respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters," nor shall any alderman, or justice of the peace of this commonwealth, issue or grant any certificate, or warrant of removal, of any such fugitive from labour as aforesaid, upon the application, affidavit or testimony of any person or persons whatsoever, under the said act of Congress, or under any other law authority, or act of the Congress of the United States: And if any alderman or justice of the peace of this commonwealth, shall contravene the provisions of this act, shall take cognizance or jurisdiction of the case of any such fugitive aforesaid, or shall grant or issue any certificate or warrant of removal as aforesaid, then and in either case he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and shall, on conviction thereof, be sentenced to pay at the discretion of the court, any sum not less than five hundred dollars nor exceeding one thousand dollars, the one half whereof shall be paid to the party prosecuting for the same, and the other half to the use of this commonwealth.

SECT. 4. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That it shall be the duty of any judge or recorder of any court of record of this commonwealth, when he grants or issues any certificate or warrant of removal, of any negro or mulatto claimed to be a fugitive from labour, to the state or territory from which he or she fled, in pursuance of an act of Congress passed on the twelfth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, entitled "An act respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters," he shall make a fair record of the case, in which he shall enter the name, age, sex, and a general description of the person of the negro or mulatto, for whom he shall grant such certificate or warrant of removal, together with the evidence, and the names of places of residence

of the witnesses, and the party claiming such negro or mulatto, and shall within ten days thereafter file a certified copy thereof, in the office of the clerk of the court of general quarter sessions of the peace of the city or county in which he may reside.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

WILLIAM MARKS,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the twenty-seventh day of March,
one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

WM. FINDLAY.

Vienna, Feb. 8.—The emperor has ordered, that, in future, the Israelitish preachers are to be compensated in proportion to the knowledge they have acquired—that their books, discourses, &c. are to be in the language of the country, and that every thing is to be encouraged to do away the distinction between them and the other subjects of the empire.

Stockholm, Feb. 8.—There is now on foot a plan for the transportation of goods between this place and Hamburgh by steam boats, in connexion with a land carriage, which, when in operation, will not only reduce the freight, but greatly facilitate the intercourse with the interior.

Hamburgh, Feb. 16.—Several English travellers have purchased palaces at Vienna, have taken them down, marked every stone and sculpture and on their return to England, put up the buildings as they were at Vienna.

Brussels, Feb. 1.—The design of a monument of Waterloo is determined on—the elevation of the pyramid is to be 140 feet, on the top of which is to be a lion holding a ball representing the world in his claws, as if rendering peace to the world. The whole to be raised by soldiers who were engaged in that memorable battle.

Old Greece!—On the right and left of the passes of Olympus are seen five picturesque villages, whose inhabitants pay no taxes, but they are bound to guide travellers over the mountains, which they do most faithfully and zealously; and whose sagacious dogs often find persons lost in the snow. This reminds the reader of the manner in which the traveller crosses the Alps.

Petersburgh, Jan. 19.—For some days, wolves have made their appearance in the suburbs of this city, driven here no doubt by hunger and cold. One of these animals was caught in a cook shop in Sturkhof street. In passing in droves through the villages they attack the inhabitants, and we have heard of four persons having been destroyed by these voracious animals.

Henry Middleton, of South Carolina, formerly governor, and recently a member of Congress, from that state, has been appointed by the President, with the consent of the Senate, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Russia, in the place of Mr. Campbell, resigned.

FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

We left it to our readers to decide on the credibility of an account, which we noticed in

our paper of the 31st ult. relative to a discovery of a northwest passage to India. A correspondent has furnished us with the following extract from the London Courier, which pretty conclusively proves that the whole statement was an idle fabrication.

Mr. MONROE,

Sir—The following letter, copied from the London Courier of the 14th Feb. furnishes a complete contradiction of the absurd story noticed in your paper last week, respecting the discovery of a northwest passage. The editor of that paper, in presenting the letter to his readers, states, that he has not the least doubt that a gross imposition had been practised upon the Dublin Evening Post, in which the story originally appeared. X.

To the Editor of the Courier.

Sir—The letter signed John M'Tarish, copied into your paper from the Dublin Evening Post, appears to us to be a manifest fabrication, or what is vulgarly called a *hoax*; and as in your observations on the subject, you have introduced the name of Mr. M'Tarish of Montreal, whom you describe as "one of the principal partners of the Northwest Company," we must request you to state, that no gentleman of the name of M'Tarish connected with the Northwest Company was at Montreal on the 27th December, or could have written the letter in question.

We are, sir, your obedient servants,

M'TARISH, FRASER & Co.

No. 2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon street.

February 12th, 1820.

Deaths in Philadelphia from 25th March to 1st April, 54—1st to 8th, 51.

MARRIED.

At Harrisburgh on the 28th ult. Dr. Phineas Jenks, member of the assembly, from Bucks county, to Miss Amelia Snyder, daughter of the late governor Snyder.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. G. C. Potts, Mr. Washington Dawson, of Selin's Grove, to Miss Jane P. Longville, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Joseph M. Fox, esq. of Bellefonte (Pa.), to Miss Emlen, daughter of the late George Emlen, esq. of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Philip Rickets, esq. to Miss Mary Masters Camac, only daughter of Turner Camac, esq.

DIED.

On the 30th ult. in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Baker, relict of the late captain Joseph Baker, of this city.

On the 1st inst. Richard M. Austin, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Thomas Mifflin, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. in the 37th year of his age, Mr. James H. Charniey, of this city, merchant.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Samuel Read, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 29th of August last, at Connatore (India), on his road from Bangalore to Madras, major David Carstairs, 8th native infantry, of the honourable East India Company's service, in the 32d year of his age—eldest son of Mr. Thomas Carstairs, of Philadelphia.

In Liverpool, England, on the 1st of February, Mr. Samuel Hurry, of Philadelphia, merchant, in the 41st year of his age.

In New Orleans, Mr. William Bruner, late senior editor of the Louisiana Gazette.

In Leverett (Mass.), on the 26th ult. Webster Cole, aged 19, of a wound received in an affray with Nathaniel Cole, his brother, aged 16, sons of Burden Cole. It appeared by the witnesses (who were the parents of the young men), that the deceased being in a violent passion, seized Nathaniel, who had an open penknife in his hand—a scuffle ensued—in a short time the fury of the deceased seemed to abate, and he was discovered to draw from his side the penknife, which was sticking in a direction to his heart, and threw it from

him—he soon fainted, fell, and expired immediately. Jury's verdict “accidental death.”

At his residence in Windsor township, Berks county, on the 27th ult. Charles Shoemaker, esq. for many years a representative from that county, in the Pennsylvania legislature.

At his father's house in Bristol Township, Philadelphia county, on the 4th inst. Dr. John De Benneville, in the 32d year of his age.

Agriculture.

Oil on Trees.—The Edinburgh Courant says: “Sir C. M'Kenzie has discovered that oil, rubbed upon the stems and branches of fruit trees, destroys insects, and increases the fruit buds. Mr. J. Linning has added to the discovery by using it successfully upon the stems of carnations, to guard them against the depredations of the earwig. The coarsest oil will suit, and only a small quantity is required.”

New Method of Inoculating Trees.—A common method of inoculating is by making a transverse section in the bark of the stock and a perpendicular slit below it; the bud is then pushed down to give it the position which it is to have. This method is not always successful; it is better to reverse it, by making the vertical slit above the transverse section, and pushing the bud upward into its position—a method which rarely fails of success; because as the sap descends by the bark, as has been ascertained, and does not ascend, the bud thus placed above the transverse section, receives abundance, but when placed below, the sap cannot reach it. [*N. Y. Ev. Post.*]

The *Tea Plant*, of the Hyson species, is said to be growing in considerable quantities, at a settlement of the Friends, on Blue river, in Jackson county, Indiana. Some seeds were found by one of the society a few years since, in a lot of tea purchased at Louisville—were planted and succeeded so well, that some of the families in the neighbourhood raise a sufficiency for their own consumption.

Miscellany.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

The Radical's Saturday Night.

Of all the poems of Burns, the Cottar's Saturday-Night is universally felt to be the most beautiful and interesting. That picture of domestic peace and purity was drawn by the poet when his own soul was peaceful and pure; and accordingly, there sleeps over it a calm and untroubled light, through which the virtues, the wisdom, and happiness of lowly life shine forth in sublime simplicity. We know that this delightful poem was composed at the plough, and that Burns cheered his kind and noble heart

during the toil by which he supported his father's household, with the strains that brought vividly before it images of all the most sacred things by which that household was blessed. It is not possible to imagine any spectacle more glorious to a country, than that of such a peasant so employed. Poor, but unrepining—toiling, but not overborne—almost a boy in years, but a man in strength, patience, endurance, and heroism—unconscious in his simplicity of his own greatness—blind to the destiny, at once so dark and so bright, that was awaiting him—and yet, we may well suppose, not unvisited by high and aspiring thoughts—there walked that peasant behind his plough, whom his country, through all future generations, will honour as the poet and benefactor of her people. This poem was composed in his heart beneath the sunshine and the clouds; and when the hours of bodily toil and mental inspiration were gone by (and with Burns they were the same), he returned at nightfall to his father's house, and sat down reverently in the presence of the gray hairs which he kept sacred from the ashes of poverty and affliction. The poem, therefore, is one of sustained and almost perfect beauty; for every morning he brought to it a heart fresh with joyfulness and virtue, while the intervals of composition were thus filled with all the thoughts, feelings, and images, that his genius has rendered immortal. The subject was a happy one—happy beyond what could have been the lot of any poet born in any other country. For, in Scotland alone, and I say so with a due sense of the virtues of England, does there exist among the peasantry a union of knowledge, morality, and religion, so universal, and so intense, and so solemn, as to constitute national character—to hallow and sublime that NIGHT, which feels, as it were, the influence of the approaching SABBATH, and to render it a weekly festival, held both in mirthful gladness, and in pious composure of heart. It is the spirit of religion that makes the Cottar's Saturday-Night at once delightful and awful to our imagination, and fit subject for the very highest of all poetry. We know, that on that night the Bible is opened in ten thousand dwellings—and that the voice of psalms and of prayer is heard deep down in the glens and high up on the hills of Scotland. On that night I will not say that the hardships and wants of lowly life are all forgotten by those whose lot it is to endure them—for strong and tenacious must needs be the memory of the poor; but I will say, that if their hardships and wants are not then forgotten, so neither are their enjoyments and their blessings; that in the calm confidence which the humble feel when on their knees before God and their Redeemer, fear and sorrow minister unto piety, that it is sufficient for their gratitude, that while their blessings are so great, their miseries are not far greater—and that human life, with all its inevitable woes, seems yet, to the contented cottar, a scene never wholly deserted by the sunshine of a gracious Heaven. Truly may it be said, that in Scotland, the last night of every week “divides the year, and lifts the soul to heaven.” Well is the Sabbath-morn preceded by a night in which happiness prepares the heart for devotion.

The picture which Burns has drawn of that

hallowed scene, is felt by every one who has a human heart—but they alone can see all its beauty, who have visited the firesides of the Scottish peasantry, and joined in their family-worship. They who have done so, see in the poem nothing but the simple truth—truth so purified, refined, and elevated by devotion, as to become the highest poetry. Many a Saturday night has the writer of this joined in that simple service: more than once, when death had just visited the cottage—but at all times, whether those of joy or affliction—there was the same solemn resignation to the divine will—the same unquestioning, humble, wise submission—the same perfect peace, and even lofty happiness—nor did he ever see one shudder, nor hear one sob that seemed to signify despair.

“Then kneeling down to Heaven’s Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days.
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator’s praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.”

The last time that I witnessed and partook of such happiness as this, was one serene and beautiful moonlight night, during last fine harvest. I had been roaming all day among the magnificent woods that overshadow the Clyde immediately above and below Bothwell Castle, near which I had passed some of my early years—and at the fall of the evening I entered a cottage which I had often visited when a boy, and of which the master was even at that time a gray-headed patriarch. I found the old man still alive, and sitting in his arm chair by the fire side—the same venerable image that he was nearly twenty years ago, only his locks if possible more perfectly and purely white, his cheeks somewhat more wan and his eyes almost as dim as those of blindness itself. His daughter, who had been the beauty of the parish when I was at school, was now a meek and gentle matron, and carried an infant in her arms; while other children, with eyes and features like their mother’s, were cheerfully occupied on the floor, half in business and half in play. When I had made myself known to the father and his daughter, it is needless to say with what warmth of hospitality I was welcomed. The old man rose from his seat as soon as I told my name; and it was then that I saw in his tottering steps that the hand of time had touched him, more heavily than at first sight I had supposed. After I had narrated the simple story of my own life, I learnt that of theirs—that nothing had happened to them since I came to bid them farewell on that summer-morning I left school, except that the old man’s daughter had been married (as I saw) to the lover of her youth—and that six children had been born—of whom two, and the mother mentioned it, with a low voice, but without tears, had been taken to their Maker. The husband afterwards came in—and before our simple evening meal was over, I felt as if I had been for years an inmate of the happy and innocent family.

The old man then said to me, with a kind

voice, that he hoped I had not forgotten, in the life I had led in foreign countries, the religious observances of the peasantry of my native land. And, as he was speaking, his grand-daughter, a beautiful girl of about sixteen years, brought the “big ha’ bible” and laid it gently upon his knees. “My eyes are not so good,” said the pious patriarch, “as when you and your school-companions used to come to visit us of old, but there is still light left in them whereby to read the word of God.” Nothing could be more affecting than the tremulous voice of the old man, whose gray hairs were so soon to be laid in the earth, as he read, amidst the profoundest silence, that chapter of the New Testament that records the crucifixion. And afterwards when the psalm was sung—those same feeble and almost mournful tones were beyond measure touching, as they blended with the small pipes of the children, and the sweet melody of the female voices. During the prayer that followed, I could not help looking round on the kneeling family—and I saw close to the white locks of him whose race was nearly run, the bright and golden head of his little favourite grandson, who, during almost the whole evening, had been sitting on his grandfather’s knee. The love of God seemed to descend alike on infancy and old age. The purity of the one allied itself to the piety of the other—and the prayer of him who was just leaving life seemed to bring a blessing on the head of him who was but just entering upon it. When we all arose together from the prayer, a solemn hush prevailed for a few minutes over the room, till our hearts, by degrees, returned to the thoughts that had previously possessed them—and our conversation, though somewhat more grave than before, recurred to the ordinary topics and business of life.

I need not narrate that conversation, for it was interesting to me, chiefly from its kindness, its calmness, and the wisdom of its innocence. I had many questions, too, to ask about the families I had known in my youth, all of which were answered with pleasure and a sort of pride by those who were delighted to hear that I had not forgotten the humble friends of other days; and thus the hours stole away till it was midnight before the son-in-law showed me to my bed-chamber, a room as neatly furnished as if it had been in a great city, and kept for the accommodation of the few visitors that, whether of kin, or strangers like myself, came in the course of a year to this secluded dwelling.

I lay for some hours awake, reflecting, with the purest delight, on the happiness, the worth, and the piety, of the little family that by this time were all lying around me in sleep. No doubt, thought I, they have their frailties and also their griefs, but that life is enviable which contains, within itself, so many evenings like the one I have now witnessed. So long as there is a Bible in every cottage in Scotland, and the dust is not suffered to lie upon it, the people will be good, and wise, and happy. With thoughts such as these, I at last gently fell away into sleep.

I have heard of people who never were conscious of having dreamed; for myself I never sleep but I dream, yet after all my dreams, I have been able to discover few of the causes by which they are produced or modified. This

night, however, I had a dream that rose out of the impressions which that family worship had left on my sleeping mind. But though all these impressions were calm, peaceful, and blessed, yet was the dream itself which they occasioned distorted, hideous, and ghastly, as if hell itself were suddenly to glare out through a vision of heaven.

I fancied that I had lost my way on a wide moor during a night of storms, and at last came upon a solitary hut, into which I entered for shelter. With that distressful feeling so common in dreams, I knew not whence I had come, or whither I was journeying; a sense of insupportable weariness was all I knew of life. Soon as I entered the cottage, I felt as if I had been there before, though every thing seemed wofully and ruefully to have been changed. The wet, stained, clammy and naked walls, breathed over the room the cold air of discomfort, and desertion—the few articles of furniture were fitted for the mean, vile, and miserable dwelling,—and the flickering light from a small oil-lamp on the clay-floor, by which the wretchedness around was visible, at times seemed to expire utterly, as the gusts of wind blew through the broken panes of a window half closed up with rags and with straw. I felt over my whole body the shivering tremor of that superstitious fear that strikes the heart in dark, wild, and solitary places, and that congeals one's very life-blood, as it assails us when reason is enchained by sleep. In this ghastly loneliness I heard a long, deep, broken groan; and as I looked intensely into the gloom, an old man seemed sitting before me, by the dead ashes of a scanty fire, with long locks, whiter than the snow, and cheeks as sunken and as wan as if he had risen from his grave. Can this ghost, thought I in dim perplexity, be he whom I have often seen kneeling in prayer among his family, and whose reverend countenance felt, not many nights ago, the cheerful light of that happiest fireside? What dreadful thing has happened to him or to me? I strove to speak to the old man in his loneliness, but the words were all frozen in my breast, and I stood convulsed in the dumbness of agonizing passion. But the reality deepened and closed in upon me, and the corpse rising up, stood close to my side, and I heard a voice, "Oh! Scotland! Scotland! hast thou forgotten thy God!" At these words I was at once transformed into a being of my dream, and knew what had befallen my country. Throne and altar had been overturned, and the land was free. But I was wandering, methought, through that stormy midnight, dogged at the heels by persecution and murder; and the old patriarch, whom from boyhood I had loved and honoured, stood before me, involved too in some dark and incomprehensible misery. "The earth, is it not wild," quoth the vision, "now that we know there is no God." "Our faith will yet return to us!" "No! my young friend! the wind roars loudly; and hark! the flooded Clyde! That is the swing of the woods! Are not their voices terrible, now that there is no God? But look, look at these withered hands! and at these hoary hairs—they will fall down into the mould; and what then are the ninety years that I have walked over the earth; and why should a shadow have had such sweet

and awful thoughts, since there is no God!" We seemed to stand together, I and that shadow, weeping and wailing atheists, terrified by the voice and the darkness of the godless earth. My very soul died within me, as I looked around on the dead ashes—the miry floor—the ropy walls—the vileness, the mouldiness, and the earthiness—and felt, that I, with all my unendurable agonies, was only part of that loathsome existence with which I should be blended, and incorporated, and lost for evermore, soon as chance might terminate the foolish mystery called life. "Would you believe it, that my daughter, once so good and beautiful, she who bears the name of her who used to pray with me every night and every morning for forty years, hates these withered hands that laid her into, and lifted her from her cradle, after her mother was taken away? But what is the meaning of the word father, now that there is no God?" A woman seemed to be before us, with a child, almost naked, in her arms. What is a mother; what is a daughter, since there is no God? She held the famished brat to her breast, rather in anger than in love, and poured fierce and wrathful curses on her father's head, for which the grave, she said, had so long been yawning in vain. "Pity your old father," were the words he constantly kept repeating—"remember the commandment of God which saith, 'honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on the earth which the Lord thy God hath given thee.'" There was something in the woman's face that terrified me to look on—a beauty that reminded me of some one I had formerly known—and her voice, too, even when pouring out those unnatural curses, seemed not to be her own voice, but one that I had listened to, I knew not when or where, with pleasure and affection. "Take the imp and mumble it into sleep," cried she, flinging her child into the old man's arms, as if it had been a piece of lumber, while he only raised his eyes slightly upwards, and said, "the poor darling always loved its grandfather." "What more than the mother who bore it?" "I wish your husband were come," said the wretched being, as the little baby was crying on his knee. "Call him your son—you old dotard—for he is no husband of mine. I suppose he is at the ale-house with his drabs; and may these arms be withered, if ever again in health or in sickness they lie upon his neck." Just as she had finished this sentence, a man came staggering into the glimmering darkness, and then sat down in sullen silence, with a countenance of drunken ferocity. All this while, nobody but the old man spoke to me, or seemed to notice me; and at last, when I was observed by the others, my appearance among them seemed to excite no surprise. The husband and wife continued to glare on each other with eyes of fury and hatred; and the old man, speaking to me as if to a well-known neighbour, said in a voice not meant to be heard by any of his miserable children, "alas! alas! is this the Cottar's Saturday-Night!" "I have been at the kirk to night with the committee of reform," cried the husband with an oath, "and a merry meeting we had of it." The old man mildly asked what had been done; and the ruffian answered, "we have levelled the old crazy building with the ground

—the pews, the lofts, and rafters—the pulpit too, with its sounding-board, where the old hypocrite used to preach salvation to our souls—by the bones of Thomas Paine, they made a glorious bonfire! and turned all the church-yard as bright as day—the manse itself looked red in the blaze. Had the ghosts leapt from their graves, they might have fancied it hell-fire.” And here, methought, the drunken atheist laughed convulsively, as if to suppress the terror that his impiety forced into his own coward heart. “James, James, said the old man, you surely could not injure the minister who baptized you.” “No, no, burning his kirk was enough for him—he stood by all the while, and never uttered a word. We have saved him from henceforth the trouble of preaching. When at last, the great black Bible with its clasps went bouncing into the flames, he thought it time to be off, and we gave him three cheers as he turned about at the gate!” “James! you have scattered the stones of the house of God, over the grave of your mother. Where will you bury these bones when your old father dies?” holding up as he spake, his withered hands clasped as it were in prayer or supplication. “A hole dug in the earth is a grave—but we have no laws, I believe, against burial-grounds—only we must not call them kirk-yards—for where now are the kirks? This has been a glorious day for Scotland. More than a thousand kirks have crumbled into ashes—and tomorrow, not a bell will be heard singing from Tintock to Cape Wrath!” The blasphemer waxed fiercer and fiercer in my dream, and yelled out in triumph. “At one and the same hour, fire was set to all the houses of God from sea to sea. Did he, think ye, tell the storms that blew all day, and are yet bravely blowing, to play the bellows to the fire? No—the winds came without his bidding, and before it is down again, all the tabernacles of the Lord will be dust, cinders, ashes. Huzza for the downfall of superstition!” Quick are the transitions in dreams. “Where is Margaret?” asked the old man; and I knew that he was speaking of his grand-daughter. “She is at Elmwood—and we shall have her to feed no longer. The old fool there doats upon her—and if the girl will live with him, why not? She is fifteen years old—and able enough to judge for herself.” “God forgive her,” cried the startled mother, as nature rose within her hardened heart, at the sin and shame of her child. “Fool, growled the husband, on this very day, were not all the kirks on fire? How long will that senseless word keep stammering on your lips? The girl needs no forgiveness—let her cheat the decrepit miser, and who shall say that she ought not to have plundered his hoards of yellow gold?” “Is the child—my little Margaret—is she—has these deaf ears heard aright—is she a harlot, and an adulteress?” And with these words, the old man bowed his head, till the gray locks fell down even unto the very floor. The unnatural son answered not a word, but scowling over the room, which seemed the very cave of famine, fiercely demanded supper, to which demand his wife replied with a loud hysterical laugh, “that the glutton at his knee (for the little fearless infant had stolen up to its unhappy father) had swallowed the last handful of meal

in the house, and yet look at him, is he not as pale as a corpse? and a corpse he may soon be, for there is no hunger in the grave!” The father looked at him with a face black with smothered rage—while the old man sat still in his chair, with a fixed and rigid countenance. “What! have you got that accursed book of lies in your old lean fingers again,” cried the savage, starting up furiously, “The word of God, call you it!—will it work miracles, and give us bread;” and with that he tore it from the old man’s breast and dashed it among the cold ashes of the fire. “Lies; lies; talk not to me of heaven—and as to hell,—what need is there for any other hell than this.” The wife suffered the Bible to lie among the ashes. What a fearful being, thought I, is a woman—and a wife—and a mother—who can scoff at God, and her Saviour! With her religion, she has lost also her very human nature. She cares not for the baby that she has suckled—for its father in whose bosom she has lain—for her own father, who would even when she was a child in her cradle, have willingly died for her sake! The death rattle was in the old man’s throat. We all stood silent. “Lift up the Bible upon my knees,” were his last words. His daughter seemed to do so in terror—one moment—and it was then plain that he was dead. All this time the roar of wild winds was in my dream, and I thought that ever and anon thick blackness filled the room as if it had been a grave; and then again a ghastly light revealed the distorted countenances of wrath, guilt, and insanity. The beings of my dream waxed yet more fierce and fiendish; and the child that was still standing at its father’s knee, I thought was changed into an imp, with a leering and unearthly face, full of devilish malice and ferocity. Its father’s eyes fell upon it, during one of those fitful flashes of light that came glimmering over the darkness; and half terrified, half enraged with the hideousness of the changeling, he sprang up, crying, “What, thou accursed brat, art thou grinning in my face,” and grasped his child’s throat, as if to murder it: the mother uttered a horrid shriek, and I awoke with my heart beating, and the cold sweat pouring down my temples.

There is no happiness equal to that of waking from a horrible dream. In a moment I recollected that I was reposing in the dwelling of peace, innocence, and piety; I arose, and going to the window, beheld the first and tender light of morning gradually unveiling the beauty of one of the most beautiful vallies of Scotland. A solitary red-breast was sitting on the apex of the gable-end of a barn, filled, no doubt, with the riches of harvest, and the cheerful bird was singing to itself in the dawning sunshine. At no great distance, above a grove coloured with all the splendour of autumn, rose up the spire of that kirk, in which, many years ago, I had first joined in the simple services of our religion. While I gazed with calm pleasure over the woods, and hills, and fields, through which my careless childhood had strayed, a tap came to my bed-room door, and an infantine voice, followed by laughter from more than one happy urchin, indistinctly summoned me to join the assembled group in the little parlour below. There I found that happy old man, and his chil-

dren's children. We all walked together to the kirk; and even if I had been a believer in dreams, that hideous one of the night must have been deprived of all its fearfulness, by the scene I there beheld. All was still, solemn, and devout, in the house of God, while at the same time the congregation all wore a placid air of cheerfulness and contentment. The minister was the same good old man, whom I had been taught to venerate when a boy; the sacred building though ancient, was yet unimpaired—and the trees that sheltered it had stood for centuries in their strength and beauty. I felt, as I looked around me, a joyful conviction of the stability of religion, breathed both from animate and inanimate objects—and all vague fears for my country and its faith died away as soon as I heard

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

When the congregation were dismissed with a blessing by their venerable pastor, I watched, with a cheerful spirit, the various domestic parties as they returned homewards across the fields, and up the hill-sides—and felt what a treasure of supporting and elevating thoughts each heart laid weekly up, within its secret self, against the trials and troubles of life. I accompanied my venerable friend, the clergyman, to his manse; and when, during the course of the evening, I ventured to tell him of my last night's visions, the old man smiled, and said, that he hoped I had seen, even in his little kirk, that day, enough to convince me that the RADICAL'S SATURDAY NIGHT would never be in Scotland any thing more than—a dream. EREMUS.

FROM THE CRITIC.

"Stern, rigid, unbending virtue, in the opinion of the great civilian, is indispensable to the existence of a republic. It is the principle of its being, and the only pledge of its continuance. A greater share of this virtue, however, seems to be required in present circumstances, in our *republic of letters*, than in our civil polity. A mistaken, and most pernicious idea pervades society, upon this subject; and it is unhappily confined to the peaceful walks of learning. In war, in diplomacy, in all the intercourse of sovereign states, America justly claims the rank of a proud independent nation, in the maturity of force, wealth, and dignity—a primary power of the civilized world. Nobly has she gained this standing, and firmly she will retain it. But, in *intellectual* efforts, we are willing to consider our country in her infancy. Like a puny child, every endeavour to put forth her mental strength, is met with flattering encouragement, and loaded with fond encomiums; and, instead of crushing the miserable brat at its birth, we gladly hail its appearance, and award to this wretched abortion of ignorance and imbe-

cility, the palm of literary honour. When the human mind, throughout the world, is coming forth in splendour and majesty, upon every subject, important or desirable to mankind, *we* are content to bestow the meed of praise upon productions that would disgrace a European schoolboy, because our country is young, and its attempts should be encouraged; that is, bad taste should be cherished, and contemptible works eulogized, for the purpose, and as the means, of improving the one, and changing the character of the other. Such is the pitiful logic of the day."

THE BAR.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The following presentment, made by the grand jury of Putnam county (Georgia), is alike honourable to their humanity and good sense.

The practice complained of is not only a shameful departure from common feeling, but is in direct hostility to the "end and aim" of justice. Nay, more, it sinks the dignity of the Bar to the very kennel of Billingsgate, and subjects the feelings and reputation of good and honest men to every shallow-pated quibbler, whose legal acquirements go no farther than memorising the introduction to Blackstone's Commentaries:

"The grand jury present, as a grievance of considerable magnitude, the practice indulged in by the bar, of vilifying without sufficient cause the characters of suitors and witnesses, and of embarrassing witnesses during examination, more especially young and inexperienced men: and the jury ask of the court a correction of these abuses."

EXTRAORDINARY LAW CASE.

A gentleman possessed of £15,000 property, died in this city a few months ago, leaving his wife pregnant. He made his will shortly before his death, and disposed of the above sum in the following manner: In the event of his lady being delivered of a son after his decease, he bequeathed him £10,000, and the remaining five thousand he willed to the mother. But if a female child, then £10,000 were to go to the mother, and the daughter was to have five thousand. It so happened, that the lady was delivered of twins—a boy and a girl! and the question arises, whether the boy

is not, under the will entitled to £10,000 and the daughter to five—as these were specific bequests, and the bequest to the wife only made contingently. We understand the cases have been delivered to the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and to Messrs. Holmes and Blackburne, for their opinions as to whether the mother is entitled to any, and what portion of the property. The case is a most novel and interesting one. [Dublin Patriot.

Poetry.

STANZAS.

Composed in Sherewood Plantation.

'The remembrance of youth is a sigh.'

WORDS OF ALL.

There is a moaning sound abroad—
I list its passage through the trees;
The desolate and mournful breeze,
With yellow leaves, bestrews the road:
Dull—gray—and cheerless is the sky;
The sun hath sunk—the sterile plain,
Half hid in mists—while mournfully
Comes down the pattering rain.

The harvest wealth hath disappeared;
Nor sight nor sound is left to bless;—
The very thought is comfortless,
Of all that lately smiled and cheered:—
Hence joy hath fled on changeful wings,
And left the sombre landscape drear;
To grief that broods o'er bitter things,
And dull, foreboding fear!

Yet I remember—ah! too well,
Remember me of glorious days,
When beautiful the golden rays
Of morning on these forests fell;
And birds were singing overhead,
Amid the sky, their carols light,
And wavelessly the river spread
Its silver mirror bright.

Up with the sun—a happy boy,
O'er heath, and rugged fields, I hied;
And wandered by my brother's side,
For hours, and hours, with heart of joy;
As searching round with eager foot,
The pointer snuffed the tainted gale;
Crouched at the yellow stubble's root;
And waved his joyous tail.

Yes! often o'er this very field,
Amid the hoar frost have we strayed,
Peeping down every leafy glade,
Which faintly here and there, reveal'd
The footsteps of the timid hare;
Then listened to the plaining bird;
Or knelt, as forward thro' the air,
The noisy partridge whirr'd.

Ah! happy days, like lightning fled!—
For ever—and for ever gone;
Ye come upon me like a tone
Of music issuing from the dead.
Before my view, is there unfurl'd,
A map of feelings, perished—past—

The visions of another world,
Without a cloud o'ercast;

Time alters all—alone I stand,
And listen to the morning breeze,
And to the rain-drops, from the trees,
Down dripping on the moistened land;
But thou, my brother placidly,
Far—far beyond the ocean's roar,
Within a grassy grave dost lie,
Upon a foreign shore! [Blackwood's Mag.

ON SUNSET.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

Oh it is sweet at twilight hour to view,
While sinks the sun beneath the western sky,
The bright clouds sailing through a sea of blue,
Attired in robes of gorgeous majesty;
And, as along the vaulted canopy,
With Sol's last ling'ring crimson rays they beam,
Like airy sprites in graceful curves they fly,
And wild and fanciful as forms that seem
To glide around our couch in fitful feverish dream.

And now a beauteous landscape strikes mine eyes,
Where nature glows in loveliest, richest pride,
And lofty towers, and palaces arise,
With gardens gay, and flowing streams beside,
Methinks seraphic forms appear to glide,
In snow white robes, amid yon bowers remote!
Methinks, upon the zephyrs gentle tide,
I hear the lute's low breathing softly float,
Like the Eolian harp's slow rising swelling note!

But oh ye fairy visions of delight,
E'en while I gaze, spell bound by Fancy's power,
How fast ye vanish from my raptur'd sight
Like joy's delusive, evanescent hour!
And every mimic scene, and glittering bower,
Melts quick away like wreath of mountain snow,
And brilliant palaces and gilded tower,
Fainter and fainter in the sun-beam glow,
Till Night her sable mantle over all doth throw.

Thus do we ever see the fairest forms,
Blighted the soonest by Death's ruthless sway;
And thus the brightest minds that Genius warms,
Before Misfortune's chilling blast decay—
Thus Youth's enchanting prospects fade away:
Thus riper Manhood's warmest hopes deceive;
Thus years of gloom do sunny hours outweigh,
And thus while o'er departed joys we grieve,
Life swiftly flits away like cloud on Summer's eve.

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